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Simultaneous Collections will be held at all Churches
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OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Morning.

N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Chapel is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

SUNDAY, March 19.

LONDON.

Acton, Cressfield-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN.
 Brompton, Fort-road, 7, Mr. A. ALLEN.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE; 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. C. CRESSY, D.D.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. H. S. PERRIS, M.A.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.
 Finchley (Church End), Fern Bank Hall, Gravel Hill, 6.30, Rev. J. A. PEARSON.
 Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11, Rev. JOHN ELLIS; 6.30, Mr. W. T. COLYER.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15, Rev. J. A. PEARSON; 7, Rev. G. HAMILTON VANCE, B.D.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. H. GOW, B.A.
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 Ilford, High-road, 11, Mr. J. W. GALE; 7, Rev. J. F. FARMITER.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. TUDOR JONES. Evening Subject: "Jesus Lived: A Reply to Prof. Drews' 'Christ Myth.'"
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11 Rev. F. HANKINSON; 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. C. ROPER, B.A.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPE.
 Deptford, Church and Mission, Church-street, 6.30.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Sunday School Anniversary, Rev. JOHN ELLIS.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE CLARE.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 and 7, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, D.Litt, M.A.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. P. W. STANGER; 6.30, Mr. G. F. BECKH, Ph.D.
 University Hall, Gordon-square, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A., D.D.
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, Worple-road, 7, Rev. DOUGLAS HOOLE.
 Wood Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. JOSEPH WILSON.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30. Supply.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.
 BELFAST, All Souls' Church, Elmwood Avenue, 11.30 and 7, Rev. ELLISON A. VOYSEY, M.A.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. K. FREESTON.
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street, Rev. J. WORSLEY AUSTIN, M.A.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.

BOLTON, Halliwell-road Free Church, 10.45 Scholars' Service; 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, M.A.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. J. JUPP.
 BRADFORD, Chapel Lane Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. H. McLACHLAN.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.
 CHATHAM, Unitarian Christian Church, Hammond-hill, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. WHITEMAN.
 CHELMSFORD, Unitarian Church, Legg-street, 6.30.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. CROSS.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.
 GATESHEAD, Unity Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. WILSON.
 GEE CROSS, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. PICKERING.
 GORTON, Brookfield Church, 10.45 and 6.30.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45, Rev. C. HARGROVE; 6.30, Rev. M. R. SCOTT.
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. K. H. BOND.
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR I. FRIPP, B.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11, Rev. E. STANLEY RUSSELL, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. C. CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11, Rev. J. C. ODGEES, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. E. S. RUSSELL, B.A.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.
 MORETONHAMSTEAD, Devon, Cross Chapel, 11 and 3, Rev. A. LANCASTER.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. PARRY.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. L. P. JACKS, M.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. TRAVERS.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. WAIN.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11, Rev. J. F. FARMITER.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. LUMMIS, M.A.
 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. R. ANDRAE, M.A.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, Morning Service, 11; Evening Service and Lecture, 6.30, Rev. GEORGE BURNETT STALLWORTHY.
 WEST KIRBY, Meeting Room, Grange-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

CAPETOWN.

Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

THE INQUIRER.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

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* * *All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon-place, Hampstead, N.W.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE debate on the Naval Estimates in the House of Commons last Monday, provided a few crumbs of comfort for the friends of international peace in the speech of Sir Edward Grey. Once again he warned the country of the terrible retribution which is likely to overtake modern civilisation, if it continues to squander its resources or armaments :— "Unless the incongruity and mischief are brought home, not only to men's heads generally, but to their feelings, so that they resent the inconsistency and realise the danger of it—if this tremendous expenditure on armaments goes on it must in the long run break down civilisation. You are having this great burden of force piled up in times of peace, and if it goes on increasing by leaps and bounds, as it has done in the last generation, in time it will become intolerable. There are those who think it will lead to war; precisely because it is becoming intolerable. I think it is much more likely the burden will be dissipated by internal revolution—not by nations fighting against each other, but by the revolt of masses of men against taxation."

It is to this task of bringing home the incongruity and mischief that the Christianity and the patriotism of the country must bend their energies if we are not to lose ourselves in a fog of fine sentiments and empty words. At present there is too much tendency in official quarters to throw the blame upon other people, and hardly sufficient evidence to satisfy any genuine lover of peace that our own Government is doing the utmost in its power to disarm suspicion and to make the reduction of armaments a paramount object of its policy.

THE most fruitful suggestion on this subject has come to us from America, and we welcome very cordially the passage in Sir Edward Grey's speech in which he advanced to meet President Taft's proposals for the extension of the jurisdiction of Courts of Arbitration to questions of national honour, and foreshadowed the possibility of an agreement between the two countries which would cover all possible grounds of dispute. "The great nations of the world," he said, "are in bondage to their armies and navies at the present moment—increasing bondage. It does not seem to me impossible that in some future years they may discover, as individuals have discovered, that law is a better remedy than force, and that, in all the time they have been in bondage to this tremendous expenditure the prison door has been locked on the inside. If you think that visionary, and not in the region of practical politics, I reply that, at any rate, we ought not to leave what the President of the United States has said without response."

THE request of the National Peace Council, that the peaceful arts and industries of the nation's life should have their due place and prominence in the Coronation, has been met by an official refusal. An occasion which should be symbolical of national life at its best is once again to be monopolised by the pageantry of war. It means the loss of a splendid opportunity for bringing court tradition more into harmony with the realities of the modern world, and a deep disappointment to the friends of peace.

It is clear that the proceedings against Pastor Jatho, of Cologne, are stirring liberal circles in Germany to their depths. A manifesto on behalf of Jatho has already received 8,000 signatures. On a recent Sunday 2,000 people crowded into his church, and chairs had to be fetched from the neighbouring houses. A large number of those whom he has prepared for con-

firmation during the course of his ministry have forwarded a striking document to the ecclesiastical authorities, in which they bear moving testimony to the deep spiritual influence of his teaching on their lives. A mass meeting is being organised for March 28 in the Kaisersaal of the Landwehr Casino in Berlin, where the meetings of the International Congress were held last August, at which Dr. Fischer, Dr. Naumann, and other well-known leaders of the liberal movement are announced to speak.

THE resolution of sympathy which was passed at Essex Hall last week has been forwarded to Pastor Jatho, and he has sent the following reply :—"I received with delight the resolution of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association which you so kindly conveyed to me. The warm sympathy of those of like mind to ourselves is a help and an encouragement to us in our fight. Please accept my sincere thanks yourself, and convey the same to the assembly for their kind thoughts of me."

In presence of this struggle and the sympathy it arouses for a brave man, the difficulties of the situation should not be overlooked. There is an element of consistency in the action which the opponents of Pastor Jatho have taken up, for they belong to a State Church which has never pretended to grant its ministers unrestricted freedom of teaching, or to believe that living truth can dispense with ancient dogmas. What is needed is a revision of the conditions of ordination, and of the doctrinal requirements upon which there is an official right to insist in public teaching and worship. In the present case the hand of authority may be heavy and quite unusually stupid, but we doubt whether it can be pleaded that it is not within its rights. In this connection it is of deep interest to learn that 145 pastors in the ancient province of Prussia have informed their ecclesiastical

superior that, for the sake of their own conscience and that of the children, they do not bind their confirmation candidates to the actual words of the Apostles' Creed, and that they make this clear either in the rite itself or in the course of previous instruction.

* * *

CANON SCOTT HOLLAND has exerted a noble and far-reaching influence upon the life of London both by his sermons in St. Paul's and through his various social activities. On Tuesday evening he was presented with an illuminated address by the London branch of the Christian Social Union in view of his removal to Oxford to take up the duties of the Regius Professorship of Divinity. The address, after recalling that the Union was inaugurated within the walls of Canon Holland's study twenty years ago, went on to say:—

"Our debt to you is so great that we have not ventured on the miserable inadequacy of a parting gift; for even on the ledger of our everyday accounts we know that Maurice Hostel, the *Commonwealth*, and the Christian Social Union itself are heavily indebted to your generosity; while in the toll of human activity you have given us what passes the bounds of computation, a mind that is as brilliant as it is wise, an enthusiasm that has never lost the fire of youth, and a strength that has been used unvaryingly on others' behalf. We can guess what you would best like us to do as a proof of that gratitude whose symbol this letter is. You would like us to give each a special gift to Maurice Hostel; and this we pledge ourselves to do."

* * *

CANON HOLLAND, in acknowledging the address, said that the great work of the Christian Social Union was to equip Christians to be citizens. As long as a man looked out on the social life as it stood, and recognised no gap between that and the Christian creed, well, if he was so blind as that, he need not belong to the Christian Social Union; they did not want him.

* * *

THE Council of the Congregational Union said farewell to Dr. J. H. Jowett last Monday. In the course of his reply, Dr. Jowett remarked that he had been too long in the limelight and he wanted to get back to a quiet ministry. We can well believe that a course of popular booming on the platform and in the Press must be very distasteful to any man of simple tastes or deep spiritual enthusiasms; but it is not always remembered how injurious this sort of thing may be to religion itself. It creates an atmosphere in which just judgment and sincere speech are very difficult, and the public mind is deflected from the real motives of preaching to the thought of a big public success and the money which is the measure of its value.

TO THE MEMORY OF TOLSTOI.

A STRIKING FRENCH TRIBUTE.

THE great amphitheatre of the Sorbonne was the scene on Sunday afternoon of a profoundly religious, though quite uneclesiastical ceremony—a touching expression of the "culte des morts." It was a tribute to the eternal memory of Tolstoi organised by the *Droits de l'Homme*. The amphitheatre seats 2,500 people, but there were at least a thousand more in every available spot of standing room, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. M. ANATOLE FRANCE and M. FRÉDÉRIC PASSY were the joint-presidents, and on the platform were many eminent men of letters and science, including MM. GABRIEL SÉAILLES, PAUL PAINLEVÉ, JEAN FINOT, Dr. METCHNIKOFF, MAURICE MAETERLINCK, Dr. RICHET, PAUL MARGUERITE, EMILE VERHAEREN, PAUL LOYSON, OCTAVE MIRBEAU, Madame SÉVERINE and M. JAURÈS, the Socialist leader, who appropriately seated himself on the extreme left. By the side of Madame PAUL LOYSON sat one of Tolstoi's daughters, PAPEANA TOLSTOI, who had travelled an immense distance in order to be present. The Minister of Education was officially represented by M. PAIX-SÉAILLES, editor of the *Courrier Européen*, and M. CRUPPI, now minister of Foreign Affairs, who had joined the honorary committee before his accession to office, allowed his name to be retained.

The patronage of the Minister of Foreign Affairs had no little significance, as, although politics were eschewed and the name of the Tsar was not once mentioned, the glorification of TOLSTOI was the glorification of liberty and, by inference, a protest against Tsardom. The scene in the great amphitheatre was deeply impressive. From floor to roof rose tier after tier of men and women, all filled with a restrained enthusiasm. On the platform, beneath the marvellous fresco of PUVIS DE CHAVANNES, stood on a pedestal a fine bust of TOLSTOI by M. ARONSON. Perhaps one of the most moving moments of the ceremony was when Madame SÉVERINE, with the Russian choir composed largely of revolutionary refugees grouped round her in front of the bust, pronounced in eloquent words the panegyric of Tolstoi as the apostle of social change, concluding as follows:—

"Du temps de la grande CATHERINE, amie des lettres, c'est d'en haut que la lumière venait aux Russes; aujourd'hui, c'est des profondeurs de leur peuple qu'émane une lueur nouvelle, et TOLSTOI nous est le plus récent exemple de cette vérité qu'à toutes les époques, aux temps de BOUDDHA et de JÉSUS comme de nos jours, le progrès social n'est accompli que par les réfractaires, transfuges de leur classe: les annonciateurs sont les réprouvés."

But the climax came at the end of the ceremony when Madame SYLVAIN, of the Comédie Française, having recited with her unequalled nobility and sincerity of expression M. PAUL LOYSON's ode in honour of TOLSTOI, a wreath of wheat-ears was placed on the bust of the hero and the choir burst, as if spontaneously, into the concluding chorus. PAPEANA TOLSTOI, by the way, said after the ceremony that her mother had long known this ode by heart, but had been unable to discover who was the author of it; it was published in the *Droits de l'Homme* of November 20.

The address of M. ANATOLE FRANCE, which opened the proceedings, was a characteristic utterance of the greatest living master of French prose. It lasted only a few minutes, and into it was packed a wealth of suggestion and ideas expressed in that inimitable style, simple as every great work of art, which makes it a joy to read or listen to M. FRANCE's prose apart altogether from what he says. It flows as naturally as some great but quiet river. There was a certain piquancy in the choice of ANATOLE FRANCE, artist to the core, as the panegyrist of the denouncer of art. He did not shirk the difficulty. TOLSTOI, he declared, whatever he may have thought, did not condemn art, he exalted and glorified it. Even his denial was an affirmation, for art was in every fibre of his body, in every drop of his blood. And then in a very few words the speaker showed that art is life and work, not the luxury of a few, but the greatness and dignity of humanity. I will not spoil by translation the superb passage in which ANATOLE FRANCE spoke of the lesson of TOLSTOI's life and work:

"TOLSTOI est un grand enseignement. Par son œuvre il nous fait connaître que la beauté sort vivante et tout formée de la vérité, comme Vénus du sein des lames. Par sa vie, il nous dit la sincérité, la droiture, l'énergie, la constance, l'héroïsme tranquille et continu, et qu'il faut être vrai, et qu'il faut être fort. Oui, il faut être fort, il faut être fort pour n'être pas violent, il faut être fort pour être juste, pour être bon, pour être doux; il faut être fort même pour sourire. La faiblesse ne peut pas confesser la vérité."

TOLSTOI's errors are explained and corrected by his thought and his life and, if he erred, it was because he sought nothing but the truth. Greater than his gospel, his discourses, his beatitudes, his parables are his epic genius, his generous life, his all-embracing heart. "O dogmes morts! O pensée vivante!"

The address concluded with a noble protest against war, which TOLSTOI combated from the point of view of a "Christian of the early ages." We can join in the combat from other points of view. "Si nous sommes vraiment pacifiques, soyons grands et forts." But national greatness and national strength reside in the people and result from right

economic and social conditions. The future belongs to the nations possessing the greatest economic intellectual and moral force; the best-organised, most united, most prosperous and most generous proletariat. These alone are the nations which can impose universal peace and international union. War will cease, not because it is cruel, for nature is cruel; not because it is unjust, for we have no guarantee that our ideals of justice will prevail, but because its political, economic and social causes will cease to exist. Those causes are autocracy, industrial competition and the oppression of the working classes. "Efforçons-nous tous," said ANATOLE FRANCE in conclusion, "de travailler selon nos faibles moyens à l'avènement de ces temps meilleurs, dont le grand TOLSTOI eut le vague et sublime pressentiment."

After ANATOLE FRANCE, M. FRÉDÉRIC PASSY, that wonderful old man whose long life has been devoted to the cause of peace, spoke of the moral mission of TOLSTOI, and of his efforts in that same cause; of his profound sense of the solidarity of humanity, his ardent charity. It was wonderful to see the vast audience held by the words of this veteran nearing his ninetieth year.

A musical programme alternated with the addresses, all very short, and the recitations which included, in addition to that already mentioned, the noble tribute written by ANATOLE FRANCE for TOLSTOI's jubilee spoken by SYLVAIN, of the Comédie Française, and one of the finest passages from "Resurrection," read by Mlle. MARIE KALIF. The choir already mentioned, who wore the national costume, sang Russian hymns to liberty; Mme. ALVI and M. CHELMINSKI sang melodies by the Russian composers, GLASOUNOW, GRETCHANINOW, MOUSS RSKI, and RACHMANINOW; M. CASELLA played on the piano three melodies by BACH, DAQUIN and SCARLATTI respectively, which he had played to TOLSTOI at Iasnaïa-Poliana; and an orchestra of Balalaikas (a Russian instrument resembling the guitar) gave some national airs, under the conductorship of M. Nagornow. ROBERT DELL.

Paris, March 14, 1911.

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE SOUL.

HERBERT SPENCER'S definition of life, as the adjustment of inner to outer relations, or correspondence between the two, though true as far as it goes, does not go quite far enough. The late Duke of Argyll pointed out that this held equally true of death. And he was certainly right. But, however this may be, organic bodies like

societies and organic creeds like Christianity could never endure, unless they were fundamentally, no less than superficially, able to maintain a balance of effective adaptation in their relations with their respective environments. And the one indispensable requisite for all growth and life is that of unstable equilibrium. We have been told that the Roman empire perished for want of men. It would not, or could not, readapt itself to changed and changing thoughts and feelings and aspirations. It forgot that conditions were different, and varied from century to century. We must accommodate ourselves to the fundamental law of action and reaction, or go under. It has been well said, that some people have guano and not grit in their composition. But our immortal faith changed with changing demands, and was never at a loss in confronting fresh configurations in its surroundings. Now we know well that organisms which fail to move with the times and to vary with varying incidence, that respond either inadequately or unsuccessfully or not at all to the fluid environment, gradually decay and pass away for ever. No fact appears to be better established than this. Evolution may not be proved—indeed, at present, it seems contradicted by the records of palæontology; but nevertheless palæontology assures us that creatures which outgrew their temporary fitness, or did not keep abreast of marching events, paid the inevitable penalty of non-conformity. Organisms were bound to grow with the times or to go altogether.

Now the soul, like the body, possesses its appropriate environment—spiritual and not material. Its atmosphere, its medium, its world consists of the Divine life, the Divine Love, the Divine Will. And if the soul would live and flourish, and have an effective being, it must obey the principles and conform to the pressure of this universe. Unless it meets faithfully and forcibly the action and reaction of spiritual stimuli with corresponding action and reaction, it will fall out of harmony with its divine habitat, and receive no nourishment. A passive, negative, neutral, indifferent existence does not really exist, and, indeed, produces no definite *raison d'être*. It ceases to be a good, and becomes a kind of evil. This "has no independent nature, no reality of its own, but merely adheres to another being; it is nothing but an obstruction and privation of the good." In like manner, the soul which has fallen out of order and ceased to progress in the right direction cannot but degenerate and grow more and more atrophied. Annihilation must be the ultimate goal of such a being. It has renounced the indispensable pledge of immortality—its will to live. This terrible fate arrives naturally and necessarily, and, as it were, automatically, by mere efflux of time and process of decadency. The unused member or organ, eye or hand or gill or foot or wing, begins to sicken and wax feeble from sheer lack of sustenance. In a belligerent cosmos like ours, competition, struggle for life, incessant activity, armed and alert antagonism to opposing forces, in short, healthy and vital responsiveness to the environment, are the pre-requisites of prolonged endurance. If the simpleton

expects the river to run dry, the simpleton dies. Time and tide wait for no man. Nor does inappropriate reaction mend matters. In the spider family of the Attidæ, the males dance around the female, and no doubt with satisfactory results for one, because the best dancer means the favoured suitor. But, if the soul dances when it should fight the good fight of faith and lay hold of eternal life, it dances to destruction. The law of the pack, whether bodies or spirits, must be obeyed. Without stability of structure, without proper exercise of faculty and function, the "bundle of adaptations," whether body or soul, may not and will not persist. "Wherever," said Romanes, "we tap organic nature it seems to flow with purpose." Yes, but the creature must seize the opportunity offered, and do the right thing at the right time, and react in time with the environment's action. Circumstances are plastic alone for the creatures that co-operate with the purpose which underlies them all, and that travel with the stream. We must get into the order and follow the lines of nature, that grows fluid to the true responsive touch and feeds us in the very act of resistance. The chameleon is the one lizard that cannot renew its lost tail. This can hardly be an advantage, though that particular creature has wonderful compensations. But the forfeiture of powers or possibilities or members, unless made good by accession of usefulness elsewhere, tends by degrees to the helplessness of an organism, and its eventual dissolution. Resourcefulness, variability, quick and effective response to impinging acts and facts, mobility, the armed front, a positive attitude, readiness in recuperation—yes, and always and above all, the irrepressible will to live (the assurance of immortality) surely are as needful for the spiritual as for the physical being. It is not enough to have been born in Athens or in England, and to satisfy all the laws of Utopias and Eutecnics and Eugenics, unless the type persists or the individual continues the everlasting struggle. Heredity and the rest may be as favourable as possible, but they demand the consent and co-operation of the fortunate recipient. Money, unless invested, produces nothing. Faculties, if unused are practically non-existent. And the Spartan in the long run, if he cultivates his little to the uttermost, may easily surpass the Athenian. Everything depends upon the fight which we put up, and on the individual's own effort. We must make the very best of what we have. The man with one talent or even with none, who comes damned into the world, with everybody and everything against him, has often, in spite of his disadvantages, or rather because they compelled him to fight hard and brought the very best out of him, left the darlings of fortune long behind him and immeasurably below him. The spirit must fight or die. Any (the least) surrender for a moment means a surrender to retrogression and ineffectiveness, and a step downwards. When the soul discovers, as it speedily must, that its own welfare and advancement are involved in the prosperity of every other soul, the struggle grows wider and deeper, and stronger and far more fruitful. Altruism proceeds to displace egoism. What-

ever may be said as to the greatness of the Reformation, considered in the light of one aspect of a mental cosmic movement, and greatness it had, nothing can redeem it, along the lines of certain sequences (rather than consequences) and interpretations, from the reproach of a consummated and consecrated selfishness—as if mere personal happiness and the safety of the individual's soul outweighed everything else. Heaven bought at such an exclusive price, the price of a pitiless egoism, would be hell indeed—the hell of satisfied selfishness. No doubt, this constituted but the worst side and the wrong side of the Reformation, and yet it appealed to a multitude of sordid natures.

"Reason is the precursor of faith," and the continuation, "Divine right does not infringe the human," and "Grace does not destroy nature, but completes it." If we seriously examine our faith, and its grounds, we shall find that it never reposes on authority alone, but possesses some rational, if indefinite, basis. It justifies itself by arguments, perhaps indistinct and unformulated, but still present and conclusive. Faith and reason, feeling and will, may be divided and abstracted from each other for the purposes of logic, but they abide ultimately inseparable. But, notwithstanding this, one element may be encouraged and others discouraged, till the discouraged ends in atrophy and practical uselessness. I believe to know, and I know to believe, should go hand in hand. And so a stage will perhaps arrive at last, when blind faith following blind authority, having entirely sacrificed reason, commits spiritual suicide—forgetting that "through doubt we come to investigation, and through investigation to truth." This is evidently one way of starving and eventually killing the soul, by depriving it of its immortal right to be a critic of life, and to answer the questions of the environment by questions of its own. For the spiritual world confronts us as a world of thought that must be met and repaid in its own coin. Tame unreasoning submission amounts to an abnegation of our birthright, our Divine endowment—a creative criticism. Action and reaction here do not equate each other. Blind belief, paradoxical as it may sound, is one with blind unbelief—extremes meet. The soul that ceases to think, begins to die. It lacks its most important pabulum, the intellectual nourishment without which it degenerates into an unreflecting piece of machinery. And what we desiderate now, with a universal need, seems not so much truth as a new weapon or logic or method, that will illuminate and interpret the truth which we have already accumulated. Religion, theology, Christianity, requires its Darwin or Newton. We want a new synthesis, a transfiguring law, a fresh approximation, a working principle that will vindicate itself by justifying the Cross of Christ as the key to the modern world and the modern attitude. So we demand more criticism and not less, more speculation, more inquiry, more iconoclasm, more brave ventures into the unknown. Thought, as well as morality, is the very vital breath of spiritual growth towards Christ-likeness and God-likeness.

We need hardly add that deliberate

wrong-doing must also inevitably stultify and famish the soul. It means an imperfect and untrue response to the pressure of the ethical environment. It means the preference of the negative for the positive, the defective instead of the effective, and sensual selfishness or immoral egoism for altruism. The individual can only exist healthily and put forth "bright shoots of everlastingness" in his otherness. The sphere of the good lies in the lives of those about us, with whom we come in contact. Humanity calls, social claims invite, we move a thousand times more in a spiritual cosmos than in a physical, we drink in a spiritual air far more than the common air and an ethical oxygen. Accordingly, a career of vice and indulgence and pure personal gratification involves countless faulty reactions, which in the end cannot but destroy altogether the soul. Thereby we damn ourselves, we murder ourselves. There is no necessity for the introduction of any machine-made deity, or for laying the onus on God, when the individual himself has pronounced the fatal word, I have decided on suicide. When the organism, from sheer fatuousness, or indolence, or weakness, or indifference, or resolved choice, refuses to make the right and sufficient responses to the impinging forces of the circumjacent world, the result must be finally fatal. It declines, it decays, it perishes, and disappears for ever. And with the soul, have we any reason in analogy or the fitness of things, for entertaining a different belief? "The soul that sinneth," breaks the law of its being, "it shall die." And the spiritual organism, which evades the vital law of action and reaction, without conforming to which all creatures must die, and remains inattentive to and unmoved by the spiritual environment of the Divine Will and Life and Love, and merely exists in itself, and for itself, signs its own death warrant, and procures its own extinction by its own hand. "Not to feel evil is the greatest of all evils," and contains the germ of ultimate dissolution.

F. W. ORDE WARD.

THE MESSAGE OF MARCH.

A SUNDAY morning in March. I glance at my watch—six o'clock. How delicious! Two more hours to lie abed! Is not the very scheme and object of Sunday to give hard-worked mortals opportunity for rest and recuperation? I turn over and snuggle down, warm, comfortable, contented.

Presently I feel mild stirrings of energy, and my half-awakened brain begins to formulate ideas. I try to resist these disturbing activities, but the more I oppose them the stronger they grow. At length I throw off the blankets, leap out of bed, and look out of the window: mist over the housetops, an easterly wind, and rime on the grass in the garden opposite. Ugh! I move towards the bed. Ah! That was pretty! It was a note from the thrush that from my solitary tree has for weeks past hailed the dawn. The note was soft and sweet, so

softly sweet that one could almost fancy the minstrel had moderated its tones out of regard for those who slept.

The bird's dulcet welcome to the morn dispels my weakness. Hard-worked? I smile. Rest? I chuckle at myself derisively. Recuperation? I laugh outright. The rime will have gone in an hour, and the mist and the easterly wind are nature's promise of a fine day. There it is again! A songlet this time, and the *pianissimo* become *piano*.

By nine o'clock I have mounted my shining wheels and left the town behind. The mist shuts out the distant view, the frost still clings to the skeleton trees, and the eager wind blows raw and chill. I double the pace of my pedals, and glance longingly at the struggling sun.

Ten o'clock. The sun has thinned the mist, and I dismount at the rookery, and watch the birds through my field-glasses. What business is afoot! What a jargon of discordant tongues! What a reiteration of opinions and arguments! What domestic disputes and general turmoil! Surely there can be nothing half so important in the world as the affairs of rooks! Some of the birds are breaking off twigs—living twigs, for no faith have they in dead ones—and flying with them to their nests in the elm trees. Others, keeping together in pairs, are on the ground. How their burnished plumage reflects the light, with what firmness they plant their feet, and with what rolling dignity they move along! The females are filling their capacious beaks with odds and ends to act as bedding for the eggs and young, and, preoccupied with family concerns, appear to treat with absolute indifference the courtseys, the wing-droopings, and other love antics of the males.

Amid the din of the rooks one hears the bright little songs of chaffinches and robins. Suddenly a lark springs from the ground, and carols blithely as he soars, and as I stand quite still, listening to his joyous trills, a blackbird alights on the top of a bush hard by. With every nerve tense, he eyes me with suspicion, ready on my slightest movement to take to sudden flight. Sleeker he has become of late, and brighter is the orange of his bill. Ah, there he goes, venting his warning, hysterical cry till he finds cover in the hedge at the bottom of the field.

Eleven o'clock. A faint bluishness is stealing over the grey of the haze, the view is widening, and more detail is seen in the landscape. I look over a meadow gateway, and see in the far corner (for game-keepers have made them shy) a pair of magpies. After a while one of them rises from the ground and alights in a tree, his long tail swinging like a pendulum until he has found his balance. Anon, a party of rooks, with a few jackdaws among them, pass high overhead, and as their dark forms are silhouetted against the sky one can tell the old birds by the gaps in their wings caused by the loss of flight-feathers. Having satisfied their appetites, and devoted a conscionable time to practical affairs, they are now indulging in an idle ramble in the air for the pure pleasure of flying, displaying, by occasional wheelings and sudden risings and fallings, their brimming energy.

On I go through the winding lanes,

passing many a wayside cot with its trim-kept garden gay with daffodils and tulips. Now I skirt a large ploughed field, and from near the hedge there rises a peewit, cunningest of birds, who, voicing her wild plaintive cry, wheels and turns in her erratic flight, keeping so close to me that I can plainly hear the muffled sound of her wings.

Hence round the head
Of wandering swain the white-winged
plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on,
In long excursions, skims the level lawn
To tempt him from her nest.

A humble-bee! The first I have seen!
"Thou wakenest with thy comfortable
hum a thousand thousand happy
thoughts." Ha! and there is a butterfly,
on whose yellow wings I read the promise
of the spring.

Noon. The mist has gone, and the blue sky is dappled with clouds of white and palest grey. The wind has fallen, and, from yonder streak of smoke, I see it has veered to the south. And what a difference the change has made! But for the naked trees one might imagine the month was June.

Lambs! I dismount for a closer view. But a few days old, and already full of fun! Each mother, as she takes her ease in the sun, watches her sportive progeny as who should say, "Did you ever see such lambs as mine!" The adjacent farm has a prosperous and well-kept look. A small plot of land, abutting on the road, is set apart for the turkeys, the male bird being separated from the others by wire-netting. In a very literal sense he is making the most of himself, and an awe-inspiring object he is. With head thrown back, tail spread stiffly, wings sweeping the ground, and breast feathers erect, he presents as fine a sight from the back and side as from the front. His wattles have assumed a rosier hue, his cheeks a brighter blue, and, as he strut pompously in full view of his mistresses, he gives them many a flashing look and eloquent gobble. But they, taking no notice of his swelling efforts, keep their unadmiring eyes to earth and search for food.

Two o'clock. The road crosses a common, intersected with grass-covered pathways, and gay with the golden bloom of gorse and broom. Presently I reach the village. Poultry are much in evidence, and many a cock-crow, lusty and defiant, vibrates the now somnolent air. Here are some comfortable hens basking in the sun, while others, more energetic, are "industriously scratching for the rarely-found corn." Hens do this work with such "unsentimental cheeriness," with such optimistic faith and hope that something eatable may at last be found, that (as George Eliot says) the watching of them may do more for a sick heart than a grove of nightingales.

My swift and silent steed now bears me through a fir wood, which presently thins off into an open tract of heath, with here and there a clump of trees. I suppose it is the effect of the air, but I no longer take much interest in what I see and hear, and (so delightfully warm

has it become) the idea of a nap suggest itself. Dismounting, and shouldering my cycle, I stride over the springy heather to the farther and sunny side of the nearest clump of trees, and there lay me down. The heather makes a comfortable couch, and the field-glass case with my cap on it a tolerable pillow. I hear the cooing of wood-doves, "murmuring ever of love," and the breeze in the tops of the fir trees breathes a soothing lullaby. Cooe-coo-roo-o-o-o, cooe-coo-roo-o-o-o. . .

I find myself in a sitting posture, calling my senses back. I take out my watch—half-past four. The sun is lower, and from the gathering brightness of the moon I know that the light is failing. So, carrying my cycle to the road, I mount once more, and drive the wheels at a merry pace.

Six o'clock. There is now a slight tinting of the clouds in the west, and the lemon-coloured sun appears to have grown in size. In the north, east, and south, the sky is of a slaty hue, but in the west there lingers a shade of blue. I dismount to draw on my gloves, for my hands are red with the cold. Now and then a rook or a pigeon, tired with the doings of the day, wings its straight course homewards. The church bells are ringing to evensong; near me a robin pipes a gentle lay, and in the next tree a chaffinch, blithe to the close of day, pipes his cheery song. From all directions comes a tumult of sweet sounds—the notes of thrushes and blackbirds, the cooing of wood-doves, the bleating of lambs.

As one gazes, the tints in the west grow deeper; rose changes into red, grey becomes purple and then almost black. Yon trees, standing out against the glowing sky, what a sight they are! They look like diagrams of human circulatory systems. The trunks and main branches are the principal veins and arteries, and the little stems, that appear as fine as a hair, are the capillaries, and along the myriad channels the life-awakening sap is coursing. As one dwells upon the thought, one changes one's metaphor of the morning. Not *skeletons* are the trees, but living, pulsing things about to proclaim in bud and leaf the old but ever new message of March—Life! Life! Life!

And that, too, is the message of the birds—Life! Life and Love! I hear it in the tumult of the rocks, as well as in the fluty song of blackbirds; in the challenging crow of chanticleer; in the gobble and the flashing eye of the strutting turkey; in the scream of the peewit, and in the wood-dove's mellow tones. I hear it in the "breezy bass" of the humble-bee, and in the quavering treble of lambs—Life! Life! and yet again, Life!

The lower edge of the sun now passes behind a bank of cloud away on the horizon, and slowly the great red disc is drawn down, down, as by some mighty force. Away to the north-west, where the land lies low, the mist is gathering, shutting out the landscape. Bats are on the wing. The day is done.

Now my thoughts are of wife and bairns and cosy fireside, so, mounting for the last time, I speed towards them on humming wheels. I pass the rookery from

which is proceeding a clamour almost as great as that of the morning, and when, a little later I throw open my garden gate, the minstrel that had called me forth (a thousand thanks, sweet bird!), sings me welcome home.

A. C. W.

COAL FIRES.

THE English coal fire is a very ancient institution, nobody knows exactly how ancient; and it is rather curious to see that in the upper-class houses of London there has been during the past few years a disposition to revert to wood for the domestic hearth. Many people prefer it, not because it is cheap—for indeed it comes more expensive than coal—but because it is cleaner and gives a brighter and more cheerful blaze. Wood fires have always, of course, been common enough in the country, but in London this is a reversion to the practice of our forefathers nobody knows how many generations ago. However old coal fires may be, wood fires undoubtedly are still older. The use of wood as fuel would naturally date from the very earliest times—times when our forbears drew upon the boundless resources of the forests amid which their huts were here and there grouped in small isolated communities. They were days when there could have been no roads connecting distant parts of the country, and no vehicles, and even if there were districts in which coal here and there cropped out of the hill-side or was occasionally found in caves, its use as a fuel would necessarily have been very local. Wood must have been the staple fuel practically all over Britain.

It has been noted as a very striking fact that no Roman writer has ever mentioned coal in connection with this country, and it has been inferred by some that we could therefore have known nothing about coal till after the Roman period. The Romans appeared here some 2,000 years ago, and had, more or less, to do with us for over four centuries. If, during that period, we were making any use of coal, it is certainly very odd that not the least mention of it should have been made by Caesar or anybody else; but it is certainly erroneous to assume that the use of coal as fuel was unknown to Britain. There are evidences of its having been dug in this island before the Romans came; but no doubt its use as fuel must, as it has been said, have been confined to the localities producing it.

It is certainly curious that our Roman invaders should seemingly have taken no notice of it, especially as they were exceedingly active in making roads, building dykes, and even in extensive and daring mining operations. It is a fact, too, that before they came here they had had, elsewhere, great experience in smelting and general metallurgic operations. But it has also been pointed out that though mineral products poured into Rome from all parts of the Empire—France, Spain, Illyricum, Sard'nia, Greece, and Northern Africa—there is not a single reference to coal in any account of their imports. This is the more remarkable from the fact

that in several of these countries, and even in Italy itself, there was coal to be found, and in some cases it lay in close proximity to mines being worked by the direct authority of the Senate. The entire absence of any allusion to coal in Britain is still more singular in the light of what we are told by Mr. John Collingwood Bruce, the eminent antiquary, who died a few years ago. Writing of the great wall built by Severus as a protection from the Scots—who even thus early in history had an irrepressible fancy for trooping south—he says: “In nearly all the stations of the wall the ashes of mineral fuel have been found; in some, a store of unconsumed coal. In several places the source of the coal can be pointed out. But the most extensive workings are in the neighbourhood of Grindon Lake, near Semingshields.” Not long ago a shaft was sunk with a view to get the coal supposed to be below, but it had been all removed. The ancient workings stretched beneath the bed of the lake. Similar vestiges of very early coal workings have been found in other parts of the country. The best authorities seem to be now agreed that Britons used coal, at any rate for smelting and forging purposes, long before the Romans came. Strabo, who was a lad when Cæsar came here, says that before that invasion iron had been largely exported from Britain, and recent discoveries of very primitive blast furnaces in north-west Durham no doubt indicate the source of the exports to which Strabo refers, while the depleted coal mines point to the source of the fuel employed before the coming of the Romans.

The great work of road-making effected by the Romans brought the different parts of the country into touch with each other, and the use of coal for blast-furnaces, bloomeries and forges, from being confined to the localities in which alone coal was found, began at once to spread further afield. Now that there were roads, instead of mere bridle-paths, through the woods, wheeled vehicles began to multiply and increase in size, and the conveyance of coal to a distance became practicable, while, of course, the development of shipping along the coast tended even more powerfully to the wider distribution of coal. When the new fuel first reached London nobody knows. There can be no doubt that it came mainly, if not entirely, from Newcastle, and that it came by sea. The proof of that is to be found in the fact that originally the new fuel was always called sea-coal, as distinguished, no doubt, from the charcoal that from time immemorial had been burnt in the surrounding woods, and used in pans and braziers for warming purposes. Probably the earliest public recognition of the new fuel is to be found in the charter granted by King John in 1213, authorising the burgesses of Newcastle to dig coal for their own use. There was another charter given by his successor, Henry III., in 1234, permitting them to dig for coal in the Castle Moor. That, again, was to be only for their own use, but no doubt the cunning Northmen soon began to trade in it, and sent their small ships all down the coast, and in less than five-and-twenty years we find that there is a little lane in London called “Secolelane.” It

led down to the river Fleet, and to this day is known as Sea Coal-lane—no doubt the original landing place for Newcastle coal coming into the Thames. That name “Secolelane” is at least 650 years old, and probably that may approximately be taken to be the period during which London has been burning coal.

But there soon arose a great outcry against it. We moderns are apt to flatter ourselves that we understand the value of pure air much better than our benighted forefathers; but we quietly submit to atmospheric conditions which would have horrified the old people fifteen or twenty generations ago. In 1306 “the prelates, nobles, commons, and other people of the realm resorting to Parliament in London, or on other occasions, with the inhabitants of the City, Southwark, Wapping, and East Smithfield,” made formal complaint to the King that “brewers, dyers, and other artificers using great fires, began to burn seacoal instead of dry wood and charcoal in and near London.” They denounced it as a public nuisance, “corrupting the air with its stink and smoke, to the great detriment and prejudice to their health.” Twice they petitioned the King. Possibly it was not altogether a consideration of health that led them to such urgent protest. There were such things as “vested interests,” even in those days, and no doubt coal-smoke would stink horribly in the nostrils of a man deeply concerned in the wood trade. It would naturally make him feel sick. However, the King issued a proclamation forbidding the use of coal in and around London, and this proclamation being disregarded, he sent forth a Commission of Oyer and Terminer to inquire into the matter, and to punish all offenders “by great fines and ransomes” for the first offence, and for the second the demolition of furnaces and kilns. This was King Edward I. Even he could not easily stamp out the new fires in his own capital, and it is said that just before he died he made the burning of “sea-coal” a capital offence, and actually hanged one man for doing it. The advantages of coal over wood for many purposes had, however, by this time been fully recognised, and the new trade was not easily put down. Edward I. died, and at the coronation of the weakling Edward II., a sum equivalent to £800 of our money appears to have been paid for coal for the occasion. But it was long after this that coal came to be used for domestic purposes. It was not at all in common use till the middle of the seventeenth century, and how slowly the prejudice against it died out in this country may be illustrated rather amusingly by an incident in Paris, where they appear to have entertained English ideas on the subject some time after we had abandoned them. Even so late as the early part of the eighteenth century our Ambassador in Paris sent out invitations to a card party, but to his dismay and perplexity found that his guests were all gentlemen. It appeared that a whisper had gone round that the British Ambassador had taken to heating his rooms by coal fires, though everybody, even in England, knew that coal-smoke was ruinous to the complexion. Therefore it was that the ladies all excused themselves,

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.

“CHRIST: THE BEGINNINGS OF DOGMA.”

SIR,—I am grateful for your reviewer's kind judgment of my translation of Prof. Weiss's “Christus,” but I am puzzled by his last sentence. The original has no index. Indeed, of the fifty or more Volksbücher already issued, only Schmiedel's on the Johannine writings in the N.T., so far as I have seen, are so provided.

May I be allowed also to note a most unfortunate oversight in my proof-reading of the book? On p. 37, line 2, for “from the proper name” read “from title to proper name.”—Yours, &c.,

V. D. DAVIS.

Bournemouth, March 13, 1911.

[Mr. Davis is right, and we are glad to insert his correction. Our reviewer writes that he was probably confusing the series of “Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher” with a somewhat similar series known as “Aus Natur und Geisteswelt.” Some volumes of the latter contain an index of scriptural passages, which is a distinct help to the student.—ED. OF *INQ.*]

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

SONGS OF SUSSEX.*

MR. ORDE WARD's earlier volume, “The Prisoner of Love,” a calendar of religious verse which was published a few years ago, marked him out among modern poets as one who had inherited some of the mystical rapture of Crashaw, Vaughan, and George Herbert. “Songs of Sussex,” although it contains poems inspired by the same devout spirit which made that book memorable, is more frankly concerned with the beauty of the material universe, though it is clear that heavenly thoughts are always linked for the author with earthly sights and sounds. He sings as one of Nature's chosen—an initiate to whom the sacramental chalice is offered at many a woodland altar, and life is to him one glorious round of triumphant resurrections. The rolling wealds of Sussex—the “dear nest of singing birds” that he has so faithfully loved—have filled him with their sunshine and freedom; the cowslips on the downs, and the salt breezes that sweep over the cup-like hollows in which they shelter, have brought him messages of the Eternal Youth of the world that is perpetually renewed. Beauty is as common as light, and God is in all things.

“In the pure snowdrop's life His own is sweet,
His Love upon it lies;

*Songs of Sussex. By the Rev. F. W. Orde Ward. London: Erskine Macdonald.

His glories in the sun and crocus meet,
The surf of stardust breaks upon His feet.

The daisy in lower skies

One splendid Presence throughout
Nature thrills,

To shout with storms and dance with
daffodils."

In this way the poet passes from the praise of typical English scenes and seasons to the splendour of the visionary path illumined by the Burning Bush, to the "great and open Church of wood and water" where he holds communion with the Unseen. But if he is awed by spiritual presences he is also enchanted with laughing flowers—"rippled red clover," hyacinths and rose campion, forget-me-not and celandine—on those heavenly days in spring when the winter's

"Glamour of silver dreams and sober gray"

has become a memory of the past. We are grateful to him for the fresh impulses which throb through these joyous songs of the homeland, born as they evidently are of a life-long friendship between Nature and one who is "Sussex bred and Sussex born."

ADVENTURES IN FRIENDSHIP. By David Grayson. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

MR. GRAYSON must be the sort of man whose friends are constantly assuring him, "You really ought to write a book"; and so he ought. His breezy humanity, which does not stop to worry about its own merit, is a healthy influence in our literature, and the wise insight of large sympathies supplies an acceptable food in a time when many writers are too knowing to be clear-visioned, and too "psychological" to be good at characterisation. This book consists of a series of studies in simple life, written in the lofty spirit of one who has found the secret of revealing the newness of things ordinary, and the adventure that lurks in the daily round. Some of the studies contain much good matter which is not altogether unfamiliar to anyone who has met two or three brilliant talkers. But one often feels that some conversations are "good enough to be put in a book"; and we are glad that Mr. Grayson has recorded some good instances of the sort of thing that, perhaps, too often perishes at birth.

Harriet and Miss Aiken are speaking of their respective ancestors. "The Aikens," says Miss Aiken, "were always like that—downright and outspoken . . . No Aiken could ever help blurting out the truth if he knew he were to die for it the next minute." "That was like the MacIntoshes," Harriet puts in. "Old Grandfather MacIntosh —"

Miss Aiken advances a Dana, Harriet counters with a Strayer. Miss Aiken deploys the Carnahans in open order, upon which Harriet entrenches herself with the heroic Scribners and lets fly a MacIntosh who was a general in the colonial army. Surprised, but not defeated, Miss Aiken withdraws, in good order, covering her retreat with two Mayflower ancestors, the

existence of whom she establishes with a blue cup and an ancient silver spoon.

Mr. Grayson finds the world friendly because he is friendly; but his friendliness is quite unprincipled. Perhaps that is just the beauty of it. If you have no scruples you can be infinitely friendly. The kindly talk with the arrant old saint who paints red texts on conspicuous wayside rocks is an instance of good-heartedness refusing to acknowledge its relationship to taste. But such little laxity, when most of us are so scrupulous, serves to show up the finer moral principles where most of us are lax. Mr. Grayson is on the side of the sincere, but not unfairly so. "How many a man, deep down in his heart, knows to a certainty that he has escaped being an outcast . . . because . . . he never has had a really good opportunity to transgress." If for nothing else these "Adventures in Friendship" should be read for the tenth chapter, "The Mowing." All the goodwill, open heartedness, and healthy-minded wisdom of the book here rise from their native earth in a beauty which certainly in this chapter at least, is neither marred by gratuitous wit nor stiffened up by a sort of reinforced moral picturesqueness.

THE SERVANT OF THE LORD. By Robert H. Kennett, D.D. Edward Arnold. 2s. 6d. net.

IN the lectures which form this volume Professor Kennett makes out a very strong case for the Maccabæan origin of the four so-called "Servant Songs" in Isaiah, xlii. 1-7, xlix. 1-12, l. 4-9, lii. 13-14, which have hitherto been assigned to the Persian or to the Babylonian period. There have been various theories as to who is meant by the Servant in the songs, but it is now generally agreed that it is Israel, or rather the faithful section thereof; and this is Dr. Kennett's view. His argument turns very largely on the question as to when the conception of Israel's mission to enlighten the gentiles in the religion of Yahveh is likely to have arisen, and to have received such splendid expression as it does in the passages referred to, and his conclusion is that this could hardly have been at any time previous to that which followed the remarkable triumph of the Maccabees. Up till then, he thinks, Israel's attitude towards the nations was invariably that of aloofness or hostility, that of a people preoccupied with the thought of its position as the privileged and protected of Yahveh rather than conscious of any vocation to minister to outsiders. It is difficult, on grounds of mere conjecture, to say that Israel was conscious of no calling to enlighten the gentiles before the period indicated by Dr. Kennett, the prevalence of the other conception being no proof that this one did not exist, but his discussion of the point is certainly most instructive. In other respects the songs fit very well into the circumstances of the time to which he assigns them. "On the 23rd of May, 141 B.C.," he says, "the Syrian garrison having at last surrendered, the Maccabees entered the citadel 'with praise and palm branches and with harps and with cymbals, and with songs, because a great enemy was destroyed out of Israel' (1 Macc.

xiii. 51). It was an occasion which might well have inspired the most phlegmatic; indeed, it probably did inspire words which for their beauty will live for ever. 'Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem; for henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean. Shake thyself from the dust; arise, sit thee down, O Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion,' " and so on through the magnificent chapter. The book deserves the attention of students of Isaiah.

NEW EVIDENCES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By J. Arthur Hill. London: William Rider & Son. 3s. 6d. net.

AT the present time evidence that human personality is a far more complex and mysterious thing than is apparent on the surface is pressing in upon us from many different quarters. The courageous work of the Psychical Research Society is producing results which cannot be much longer ignored by science. The region of abnormal psychology is attracting to itself an increasing number of competent investigators whose discoveries are bidding fair to revolutionise many of our psychological theories. Medical science itself is slowly and unwillingly being forced to realise that complex as is the structure of the brain, it is not sufficiently so to account for all the phenomena of mind. Mr. J. Arthur Hill is one of the many intelligent laymen who have, through a study of mediumistic phenomena, been led to a consideration of the whole question of spiritualism. In his *New Evidences* he puts on record his experiences with a medium called Watson, through whom he obtained a striking amount of evidential matter. It is little use attempting to describe the sittings, as the general nature of such investigations is now widely known. But it is worth noting that although the principal sitters were hard-headed business men, much disinclined to accept any supernatural hypothesis unless driven to it by the hard logic of facts, they all at the conclusion of the sittings were convinced that no normal explanation would suffice. The second part of the book gives selected examples of recent S.P.R. results, such as the "cross-correspondence" in the scripts of different automatic writers. A final chapter defines Mr. Hill's own position. The book is one which, on account of its temperate tone and scientific attitude, may cordially be recommended. It gives in short compass a remarkably clear and careful survey of the main facts, and also a thoughtful and undogmatic discussion of their possible interpretation.

THE PHENOMENOLOGY OF MIND. By G. W. F. Hegel. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by J. B. Baillie. Two vols. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. 21s. net.

PROF. BAILLIE has provided an adequate translation of one of the most difficult books to be found among the classics of modern philosophy. The book gives in

effect a picture of the Hegelian philosophy in the making.

By the phenomenology of mind, Hegel means an exposition of the stages by which the human mind (the individual and the racial mind) rises from the lowest form of knowledge to the highest, *i.e.*, to a recognition of the presence of mind in, and its rule over, all things. This is "absolute knowledge." The author illustrates this "ascent of mind," in one passage from a historical epoch; in another, from the characteristics of a nation; in another, from some form of culture or faith; in another, from a philosophical system. Yet in every case the historical illustrations, though the instructed reader perceives that they are working in the writer's thought, are kept more or less in the background. Hegel shows us the human mind coming through a thousand phases of mistake and disappointment to a sense and realisation of its position in the universe. The translator expresses the opinion that "if, in principle, aim, and result, the argument of this work is untenable, idealism . . . may be once for all abandoned, and, indeed, any attempt to put a spiritual interpretation upon the facts of human life." This appears to us to make too high a claim. To some extent Hegel assumes from the first the position which he proposes ultimately to reach, and gives, not a proof of that position, but an account of the experience by which mind is forced from one position to another until it ends in "absolute knowledge."

It is everywhere apparent that the author's treatment was limited by the information available at the time, by the scientific views prevalent during his day, and by his own selective interest in the materials presented before him. Phrenology, for instance, receives elaborate criticism, while important fine arts like music and painting are never mentioned (although Hegel wrote fully on them at a later period). The last section of the work, the discussion of religious and absolute knowledge, which ought to have been the crown of the whole argument, is particularly unsatisfactory, and this is explained, in part, by the pressure of circumstances under which it was written. But all its defects do not seriously impair the greatness of the book, and Prof. Baillie is justified in saying that it has long been recognised as a unique product of Teutonic genius.

THE CHILDREN ALL DAY LONG. By E. M. Cobham. London: C. W. Daniel. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

THIS bright little book, which is full of helpful suggestions for those who have not as yet devoted much time to the study of child psychology, is significantly dedicated by the author "to the children with whom I have learned." The words serve to indicate how far we have travelled from the days of stern discipline, and arbitrary rules, which too often atrophied the mind and blunted the imaginative faculties of the young. Children are no longer regarded by intelligent people, at all events, as tiresome little creatures, with a natural tendency to naughtiness, whom it is the duty of the adult to drill and coerce in the

difficult ways of righteousness, without paying any regard to varieties of temperament or the effects of environment. We have, at last, learnt to reckon with their personalities, and to respect those indications of will-power and force of character which it used to be the custom to regard with grave apprehension; indeed, there is some danger lest the pendulum should swing too far in some cases, with lamentable results, where there is a strong tendency to over-indulgence. Against the latter evil we are warned by this prudent writer, who leads the open-minded student along a veritable *via media* of wise counsels, which, if they were more frequently heard and acted upon, would increase the sum of happiness considerably. Many valuable hints are given in regard to eating and drinking, keeping pets, gardening, making friends, collecting, and studying. Chapter X. deals sympathetically with the first disillusionments—the first necessary initiation into the ways of the world, which must always come as a shock to the sensitive mind of a happy, trustful child; but the subject is one which requires more exhaustive treatment. We are left reflecting that it is impossible, however lovingly and carefully we seek to prepare the young adventurer for the battle of life, to ensure his victory in every contest with evil, his triumph over all disappointments. The most we can do is to develop in him as far as we are able those mental and moral aptitudes which make for self-respect, and self-control, taking care always to give the questioning spirit room to grow and expand in an atmosphere of sympathy and freedom.

OTHER-WORLD. By Harold B. Shephard. London: A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.

THE secrets that sleep in nature are the secrets of life itself, and although we "neighbour the invisible" so closely that our consent

"Is only asked for spirits masked
To leap from trees and flowers,"

we cannot yet explain how cell adds itself to cell, how seed or acorn comes to enshrine the nucleus of the elm or the oak; how leaves and branches are guided according to a fixed idea and pattern until beauty is created out of matter "as the sculptor materialises his dream in stone." Mr. Shephard regards all this both as a parable and an enigma, and in a little book which summarises, with almost disconcerting brevity, the conclusions he has formed as a result of observing and meditating on stars, and plants, and spider's webs, he leads us into the mysterious regions of that other-world which encompasses the physical world, and which can alone supply the clue to mysteries that are ever baffling mankind. In the fearless spirit of the adventurer he is striving to find his way in unfamiliar places where his soul appears to be somewhat lonely, because he does not yet believe, what thinkers like Sir Oliver Lodge are endeavouring to prove, that means of communication have been established there. Perhaps it is owing to the fact that he has only just begun to explore this shadowy "other-world" that he is sometimes a little vague in his definitions, and that he

does not distinguish adequately between body, mind, and spirit, or consider the possibility of consciousness manifesting itself on three planes rather than two. He takes a view of the after-life (or lives) that accords, however, with the growing insistence on the laws of cause and effect. "That were Heaven," he says, "to go out into the other world fit to live with its best. That were Hell . . . to burn impotently, to long for earth again, to haunt the dark places of its passions, if only to see its sorry pageantry and loathsome sins, and to cry soundlessly into the ear of the living."

SOME MASTER KEYS OF THE SCIENCE OF NOTATION. By Mary Everest Boole. London: C. W. Daniel. 2s. net.

MRS. BOOLE has a richly stored mind from which she is continually drawing some stimulating and suggestive ideas that serve, in a tantalising way, to show how much more she could reveal if she chose. The exceedingly brief essays—if indeed they can be called essays—in "The Master Keys of the Science of Notation" start us on instructive lines of thought which we feel it would be edifying to follow; but the author does not accompany us very far, and we are no sooner caught by the fascination of one of those erudite subjects which she puts before us in such a new and original way, than we are switched off to another. It is as if, while anxious to present us from time to time with certain facts culled from a voluminous note-book, she refused to elaborate the thoughts they suggest lest we should fail to exercise our own minds in the same direction. That may be very good for us, and we must be thankful for what we have received, though we confess we should like to hear more about the ancient mystery of spiral ascents, serpent worship, and the Key Signature. The book contains an interesting and dignified paraphrase of the Athanasian creed which begins, "Whoever would remain morally sane, before all things it is necessary that he keep the Law of Mental Balance," and ends with the following words:—"This is the old charter of human freedom; which except a man remembers faithfully, he cannot be safe in investigating the mysteries of the Unseen World. Therefore let us give reverence to all modes of manifestation of the Divine."

THE CHURCH OF THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES. By the Rev. T. A. Gurney, M.A., LL.B. Longmans, Green & Co. 1s. net.

THIS volume covers much-traversed ground, but even those who are familiar with the period will find Mr. Gurney a stimulating and particularly well-informed guide. He acknowledges his obligations to such scholars as Gwatkin, Bigg, Dill, and Harnack, and frequently quotes from their writings. We have much pleasure in commending his book, in which the great story of the Church's outward fortunes and inner developments during the first three centuries is admirably told.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN GENERATION. By James Thomas. London: William Rider & Son. 3s. 6d.

IN this volume we have an interesting study of the Book of Acts, the narrative there being subjected to a good deal of searching criticism. The criticism is mainly negative; the inconsistencies and improbabilities that occur in Acts being dwelt on, rather than the positive contribution which that book affords to our knowledge of New Testament times.

THE Peace Year-Book for 1911 (The National Peace Council, 167, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W., 1s.) contains, in addition to much general information which will be invaluable to the propagandist, a series of articles by such well-known peace advocates as Carl Heath (the editor), Lord Weardale, Norman Angell, Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner, Mr. Allen Baker, M.P., Mr. G. H. Perris, and others. These articles constitute an admirable survey of the ground covered by proposals for the limitation of armaments, the establishment of international courts of justice, and the organising of the forces making for world-federation. The Navy and Army estimates for 1910-11 are given, followed by a chapter on "Education and Peace," and the Bibliography and Directory will be found most useful for reference. It is well printed, but it is surely a mistake not to put any indication in the contents list of the pages on which the subjects dealt with are to be found. It is tiresome to be obliged to consult the index so often.

BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE.

A LIBRARY OF NEW WORKS AT ONE SHILLING.

WE learn that Messrs. Williams & Norgate, the publishers of Herbert Spencer's works and of many standard books in science and theology, have in preparation a very bold venture, which will create a sensation in the literary world. This will consist of a series of original volumes specially written by high authorities in the various departments of modern knowledge, intended not for the student only but for the general reader, and issued at one shilling per volume in cloth. A hundred volumes have been designed, covering the chief departments—history, literature and art, science, social science, philosophy and religion, and the first set of ten volumes will be issued early in April. Each book will run to about 250 pages, and will contain a bibliography, and illustrations where necessary. Many of the foremost British scholars have been enlisted in this effort to put the best new books within reach of the masses of the people. The Library is under the general editorship of Professor Gilbert Murray, D.Litt., F.B.A., Mr. Herbert Fisher, F.B.A., and Professor J. Arthur Thomson.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS:—Roman Stoicism: E. Vernon Arnold, Litt.D. 10s. 6d. net. Early Religious Poetry of the Hebrews: E. G. King, D.D. 1s. net. The Theory of Teleology: A. A. Scatton, M.A. 6s.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN:—The Story of Burnt Njal: Sir G. Webbe Dasent. 5s. net.
MR. HENRY FROWDE:—Records of the English Bible: Alfred W. Pollard. 5s. net.
MESSRS. P. S. KING & SON:—Poor Law Administration. 1s. net.
MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.:—The Mediæval Mind: Henry Osborne Taylor. Two vols. 21s. net. Creative Evolution: Henri Bergson. 10s. net.
ONE AND ALL GARDEN BOOKS:—Shady Gardens. 1d.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

OXFORD OR CAMBRIDGE?

I AM for Oxford. I do not much care why; but certainly not because the colour is the prettiest, or because the Oxford crew has won the most. If I gave any reason at all it might be that so many clever and good men went there to be educated—Dr. Arnold (the kind schoolmaster of "Tom Brown's Schooldays"), his son Matthew Arnold, Cardinal Newman (author of "Lead, Kindly Light"), Keble (writer of many beautiful hymns), Dr. Johnson, bluff but very good-hearted; Froude, a great historian; and last but not least, John Wesley. But none of you, I know, wear either ribbon because of this. Perhaps you do not know why you are for Oxford or why for Cambridge, as the case may be. Perhaps you are for Oxford because your elder brother was when he went to school, perhaps you are for Cambridge because your friend is. Whichever crew you support you are not, I am sure, ashamed of your colours. You don't change because your friends are wearing a different ribbon any more than I do when some of my juvenile friends tell me that Oxford is the wrong colour. Perhaps some of your school mates sing the rhyme that runs:—

"Cambridge the winner, Oxford the sinner;
Put them in a matchbox and throw
them in the river."

Or that other rhyme about Cambridge getting the plum cake and Oxford the stomach ache; but if you are for Oxford, what do you care? You are still loyal to your colour, I hope, even when the result appears in the papers and you know your side has lost.

When I went to school a party of "Oxford" boys would come round the playground for the purpose of kicking, pinching, and punching all the boys who stood for Cambridge, in order to get them to become turncoats; and a band of "Cambridge" boys would try and knock a belief in their colour into the "Oxford" boys by doing the same. That was a mean method of persuasion; but there are boys we should dislike more; viz., those who, for fear of offending those who are really enthusiastic for their own side, will not choose at all. All of us dislike cowardice, and it is well that we should. A boy wouldn't think of giving up cricket or football because he got one black eye, or of ceasing to shout for his favourite team because they are sometimes beaten. If you wear Cambridge ribbon you stick up for Cambridge, and don't haul down your colours if her boat capsizes, runs aground, or whatever happens.

Do you try to do the same to your friends? I hope so. Oxford v. Cambridge, England v. Australia are very interesting, but they are nothing to the battles we have to fight with ourselves. Be loyal to your friends as you are loyal to your team or your crew. No matter what mistakes they make, stand by them and see them through. Don't be among those who betray a good cause for some gain to themselves. It is these of whom Browning speaks in his fine poem, "The Lost Leader":—

"Just for a handful of silver he left us;
Just for a riband to stick in his coat."

I wonder if any of you have read "My Friend Smith" (one of the best boys' books ever written), by Talbot Baines Reed. The heroes, Batchelor and Smith, went to a school called Stonebridge House, where an awful lady named Henniker ruled, and delighted in giving bad marks which meant impositions and detention. There were bad marks at meal times for boys who stirred their tea, and even bad marks shouted out of the window when the boys were in the playground. It became so terrible that the school determined to stand it no longer; so they locked Miss Henniker in a room, screwed up the door, and only allowed her food through a grating. Of course, it was a very daring thing to do, and it might have been successful if the boys had not been betrayed. A boy named Hawkesbury, who joined his school-fellows at the beginning, started to back out as soon as he saw danger ahead. The tradespeople found out what the boys were doing, and began to make trouble. Then the cowardly Hawkesbury said he had never agreed with the plan, and thought it was a very bad way of settling disputes. So it was; but what a cad not to have said so before. If you have read the story you will know what a poor thing Hawkesbury made of life, because he could never stand firm to any cause; and maybe you have resolved that you would never fail a chum when he wanted help. Yet we sometimes fail. Have you never been caught talking at school, and tried to escape trouble by blaming someone else? Probably you have. Yet it never occurred to you that you were really behaving like the disciples when they forsook Jesus. "They forsook him and fled," we read. What a sad sentence. "Oh, but," you say, "I would never have forsaken him." Wouldn't you? Probably you have never thought that to the disciples then Jesus could not have seemed half so important as he seems to us now; they were simply leaving a good friend in the lurch, and it could never have entered their minds that we should be able to read of their cowardice nineteen hundred years after. Let us remember that when we leave our friends to fight their own battles. Whenever we are afraid to be friendly to those who are poor, and not so clever as ourselves, we are no better than those who forsook Jesus, for we are forsaking those whom he held dear.

If we have our sides, if we shout for Surrey at cricket and Oxford in the boat-race, let us be loyal to the standard of Jesus. We must try to be at school and in our play what we are on Sundays, and try to carry out in our homes what we hear at our church. We must give up trying to

copy Bunyan's Mr. Facing-both-ways, for that gentleman cannot possibly get on. How could anybody who tried to look two ways at once? Let us decide, as Lowell bids us in his fine lines:—

“Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife for truth 'gainst falsehood
for the good or evil side.
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the
coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit while his Lord
is crucified.”

MEETINGS AND SOCIETIES

THE NURSERIES OF THE POOR.

ADDRESS BY MISS MARGARET MACMILLAN.

THERE was a good attendance at the joint meeting of the National Conference Social Service Union, and the British League of Unitarian and other Liberal Christian Women at Essex Hall on Monday afternoon, when Miss Margaret MacMillan gave an address on “School Clinics” which was listened to with great interest. Mrs. Sydney Martineau, who was in the chair, emphasised the fact that while we were spending vast sums every year on education we did not always see that the money was spent to advantage, and that the children who were taught were in a fit physical and mental condition to profit by the instruction that was given to them.

This point was effectively brought out by Miss MacMillan, who gave an account of the school clinic at Deptford which is doing such valuable work in that large and teeming area. They had as yet had no time to become authorities, she said, but the experience which had already been gained at this and the few other school clinics already established was now available for all who wished to take up this important question. She spoke of the absolute necessity for the establishment of such clinics in connection with the schools all over the country, and enumerated the various ailments—many of them of a minor character—which the hospital cannot deal with successfully owing to the fact that those suffering from them must be regularly attended to every day, and in some cases of ear and skin trouble, twice a day. They had cured one case in particular in three weeks which had been treated at the hospital for over three years, not because they were cleverer than the hospitals, but because they treated every child daily, and the little sufferers were not allowed out of their sight until they were really well. They had two doctors each coming once a week, and they had just added a third, a lady doctor. In six months they had treated over 2,000 children, and she assured her hearers that it was possible to treat 10,000 children with a staff of four or five nurses in one small clinic. A clinic was not needed for every school; indeed, in some areas one clinic would be sufficient to serve eight or ten schools, while in poorer and more crowded areas more clinics would be necessary. It had to be remembered by those who advocated the present system

of treating the children at the hospitals—a much more expensive plan—that they dealt with an enormous number of cases which were scarcely important enough to go to the hospitals, but which, if not watched and treated in the initial stages, might have permanently bad, even fatal results in later years. These were largely diseases of the eye, the ear, and the skin. When neglected they resulted in the children being physically defective, stupid, and incapable of profiting by the education which might otherwise be so beneficial to them. The parents themselves were often at a loss to understand why the children were being medically treated at all, as they did not recognise that anything was wrong. Much good work was being done, however, in connection with the mothers.

The work of the nurse largely consisted in interviewing the latter, and explaining to them the causes of disease, and much more instruction might be given by means of lantern lectures on the eye, the ear, &c., which would show them the vital importance of curing defects of vision, operating for adenoids, teaching habits of cleanliness and so forth.

Miss MacMillan claimed that the work of the clinics could be carried on throughout the country at a cost which could not be considered alarming. The estimated cost of the Deptford clinic was £700. Over 2,000 children could be treated by the medical staff yearly, working two half-days a week, and at least 3,000 children by the dentist working full time. With a full-time medical staff and good organisation the cost would be under 2s. per child cured. She laid some stress on the significant fact that her drug bill had been only £20, and spoke of the love which is entertained by the children for the clinic and its workers. These clinics are, in fact, the collective nurseries of the poor, and those who believed in them would not rest satisfied merely with this rough work of cleansing when they could get to the higher task of training the mental and moral powers of the child. She hoped that we should one day have psychological clinics as they had in America, and that we should learn how to deal with our young people so as to keep them from wrong-doing and save them from our gaols. We did not yet understand bad people, or know how to deal with them, and we did not realise that our educational system was all topsy-turvy. But it was never too late to mend, and the school clinic was one way by which we could avert some of the dangers which would beset the children if they were not kept up to a normal physical, mental, and moral standard.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR LAW.

MR. SIDNEY WEBB ON THE PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

MR. SIDNEY WEBB dealt in his lecture at Caxton Hall on Monday, March 13—the last of a series of four—with the “Financial Waste of the Present Poor Law.” Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who was in the chair, spoke in warm terms of the great work which Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb

were doing, and the support they were obtaining everywhere, and said that the short experience he himself had had as a magistrate in the country had convinced him that nothing more wasteful or hopeless in its results than the present system of dealing with the problem of destitution could be conceived. The workers were the country's most valuable asset, and when the nation discovered that it would spend less on *Dreadnoughts*.

Mr. Sidney Webb compared the eight millions which were spent on the poor in 1834 with the seventy millions sterling which we are at present squandering unsystematically out of the rates and taxes on their maintenance, schooling, and medical treatment, not to speak of a sum roughly estimated at thirty millions expended yearly in voluntary charities. Only about one-third of that amount was under the Poor Law authorities, the rest was in the hands of the rival authorities they had set up, such as the education authority, the health authority, the lunacy authority, &c. But practically about one hundred millions were spent in doing things for the poor, and this huge sum was very largely thrown away to no purpose. The Poor Law part of it was spent in the relief of destitution, but all relief of destitution if it did not improve and prevent was economically wasted. Relief was, of course, inevitable in some cases. They would, for instance, always have to provide for the aged and the incurable. But there were the 10,000 cases of urgent necessity which were relieved daily with loaves of bread without suitable inquiries as to the causes which had made such doles necessary, the 170,000 Poor Law children on Outdoor Relief, the conditions of whose lives nobody troubled to investigate, the 15,000 women annually entering the maternity wards, some for the first time, who received no training while there which might result in the babies thus born being better nurtured and cared for; the 10,000 able-bodied men now in the workhouses, occupied in valueless labour and the 50,000 vagrants “on the road.” All these people were receiving assistance from the State which in no way benefited them permanently, and often tended to their complete demoralisation. Then there was the vast sum spent in the relief of the sick poor. No man or woman could get access to the workhouse hospitals without running the gauntlet of the relieving officer, whose business it was to build up a grim wall of deterrence so that the application was not made until the man or woman was actually destitute, and too ill to go to work. In this way they got what was called the “mortality of delay.” He sometimes had a dream of a foolish donor who built a hospital for the sick, and put over the door, “No person is to apply at this hospital until gangrene has set in.” That illustrated what he meant by the principle of deterrence, the mortality of delay, and the ruinous system of spending money in medical relief when it would cost less to prevent disease at the outset.

The lecturer went on to give striking instances of the financial waste incurred by the overlapping of work, and the duplication of authorities, each with their own set of officials, which often resulted in

assistance being obtained by person^s exercising a little skill from two or three or even four, different sources at the same time. Twenty years ago, Canon Barnett had said to him, "There is in England no greater enemy of thrift than the Poor Law, and there is no greater instrument of demoralisation." It was instructive to recall that utterance at the present time.

Mr. Webb proceeded to show how this waste and duplication of relief agencies could be prevented, referring his hearers for the elaboration of details of the whole scheme of proposed reform to the Minority Report. He concluded by saying that, as he was dealing with the question, at the moment, from a profit and loss point of view, he would like to remind them that if they applied the same energy and common sense to the question of destitution as they would apply, say, to the question of horse-breeding on a large scale, the country would stand to make a huge profit on rent and production, and when they got a Government to set to work in the way he had suggested, the Chancellor would have found a veritable gold mine. That Government would have started the most profitable business that was ever floated, and the cost of working it would be not only comparatively trifling, but it would decrease year by year.

THE MIDLAND CHRISTIAN UNION.

THE annual meeting of the Midland Christian Union was held in the Church of the Messiah, Birmingham, on Monday, March 13. Mr. W. Byng Kenrick presided over a well-attended business meeting in the morning. The annual report of the Committee stated that the responsibilities of the Union had been increased during the year 1910 by the inclusion of the Old Meeting, Newcastle, Staffs., and the congregation of the Moseley Unitarian Christian Church in the list of aided movements. A special sub-committee had been appointed to consider the desirability of a closer co-operation among the churches in Birmingham and its immediate neighbourhood, and to recommend any proposals of a practical nature for furthering this object.

The hon. treasurer (Mr. Philip J. Worsley, jun.) stated that the excess of expenditure over income for the year 1910 was £232 15s., which was met by a grant from the Priestley Fund.

The President, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, expressed the great loss the Union had sustained in the death of the Rev. J. C. Street, and paid a high tribute to the work and devotion that characterised his long life. Referring to the proposals for drawing together in closer touch the churches of Birmingham and neighbourhood, he said his own feeling about the matter was that the preliminary ventilation of the idea had been carried on sufficiently long, and that the time had come when they must make some experiments in its application. This did not mean that the weaker churches were going to tap new sources of financial aid. What they had in view was a development of the spirit of fellowship. Financial support

would be administered as heretofore through the Union.

The Rev. Joseph Wood, who seconded the adoption of the report, deprecated pessimistic forebodings as to the future of the churches. He thought it might be a good thing to establish a society to be called the Society of the Blessed Encouragers. We were suffering from over-criticism. We did not succeed as we might succeed if only we were a little more buoyant, confident, and hopeful. Referring to a remark made by the President, Mr. Wood said it was high time the grave wrong against liberty of thought and religious freedom perpetuated by some trust deeds was dealt with by legislation.

The reports were adopted.

Mr. W. Byng Kenrick was re-elected president of the Union; the Rev. A. H. Shelley and Mr. E. Ellis Townley were re-elected joint hon. secretaries, and Mr. P. J. Worsley, jun., was re-elected hon. treasurer.

The company at the close of the meeting adjourned to the Imperial Hotel to luncheon. In reply to the toast "Our Visitors," the Rev. H. D. Roberts, of Liverpool, spoke as representing the National Conference, and the Rev. T. P. Spedding as representing the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Each referred to the growing spirit of friendly co-operation between the two bodies, on the basis of the recognition of distinctive functions.

The afternoon conference was exceedingly well attended. The opinion was freely expressed that it was the largest gathering of its kind that had been seen for many years at the Union meetings. The subject for discussion was "The Present-day Needs of Our Churches," and was opened in a thoughtful paper by Mr. W. L. Leasdale. Among other points he dealt with the apathy of the working-classes and their absence from church. These were largely due to industrial and social conditions, which were hard and strenuous. Here lay one of the great problems of the present day touching church life. The lack of interest among the more favoured classes was due chiefly to lust for wealth. They could not square the worship of God with the worship of mammon, and the former dropped out.

The Rev. P. E. Richards, following the line of thought, said that the greatest need of the churches was the need of numbers. In numbers was to be found the kind of inspiration lacking among us. He advocated various measures for drawing in a larger attendance. Working people were not irreligious but they were anti-ecclesiastical. They objected to Gothic buildings, stained glass windows, and pews. Much in the service was antiquated and unreal, and the language of the professional minister was often affected. They would have to stop building churches and build halls, with chairs instead of pews, and have addresses and lectures in place of sermons. In particular, current literature was more important to men to-day than the Bible, and should be largely introduced.

The Rev. Gertrude von Petzold said she preached but one gospel, the gospel of progress, of evolution, and development. The main question of the day was, "How did the liberal churches stand in regard to moral development?" Members of these

churches were apt to be very conservative in regard to public questions of the day. One of the great needs was a little more freedom for the ministers to speak their whole minds on these questions. They needed, too, more brotherhood and cohesion; and yet even more than any outward organisation they needed a spiritual revival. Even in those days they needed all the emotional help they could get, and a beautiful symbolism was helpful.

The Rev. J. H. Shaw attacked the idea that numbers was the chief thing. Undue importance could be attached to that, and lead to efforts devoid of all success in its true moral sense. He gave instances of the tactics sometimes resorted to to gather the crowd, and showed how the church itself and all it really stood for might, and in some cases was, actually weakened, not strengthened. The main endeavour of to-day was to bring religion to bear on the questions of the day, to show its social and economic meaning.

Mr. W. Cheshire next contributed a paper in which he dealt mainly with a point not yet touched upon—the training of the rising generation in appreciation and experience of the deep things of religion and the spiritual life, and in the support of their church. This was further enlarged upon and supported in a paper by the Rev. J. E. Stronge. Our need was a need of congregations. We want the crowd but not the crowd at any price. The development of some of the P.S.A.'s showed us what to avoid.

The discussion was continued by the Rev. H. D. Roberts, the Rev. T. P. Spedding, and the Rev. Joseph Wood.

Tea was provided in the schoolroom by the friends at the Church of the Messiah, and some 200 sat down.

In the evening a public service was held in the church; the devotional service being conducted by the Rev. J. W. Austin, and the sermon preached by the Rev. L. P. Jacks.

The church was well filled, and a day of great encouragement thus came to an end.

NORTH AND EAST LANCASHIRE UNITARIAN MISSION.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE 51st annual meeting of the North and East Lancashire Unitarian Mission was held at Rawtenstall on Saturday, March 11. At 3 o'clock a religious service was held, conducted by the Rev. F. Hall, of Blackburn, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. C. Hargrove, M.A. In the course of a sermon based on the text 1 John iv. 16, he said:—Since he had become president of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, he had felt more and more the responsibility of what our churches stood for, and of what we could do if we would, and the great questions to him were—What are we doing? What ought we to do? A subject surely more fit for a conference than a sermon. Yet this group of churches with no creed, unbound by any trammels of the mind, members of the same congregation, unbound by any stated agreement, by any doctrine, catechism or book, What had they to

preach to the people? Why, just this seemingly simple message in three words, "God is love," so simple that observers might think it only fit for an infant class or for beginners just learning to write. Upon this teaching and preaching, however, depends the culmination, the summary, the revelation in fact of heaven and of God to man. We have revealed in the written book the thoughts of men earnestly seeking for light and the truth. We have, in the present, men sincerely seeking for the truth and the light; thought searching after God and being drawn towards Him. These early or later aspirations after the Divine may all be summed up in those three words, "God is love." It is an all-embracing theology and may be regarded as a perfect doctrine of God, for, apart from this, what can be known of God? It is equal to the most perfect gospel, it is the test of all schemes of salvation and all setting forth of doctrines, and is the infallible test of the true or the false. It is too catholic, too universal for sectarians—and we all cherish a little, at least, of the sectarian spirit. It is too profound for our little understandings, and too lofty for us to embrace its fullest meaning. . . This is the religion that is innate in human nature. It is natural. To rebel against it is an indictment against humanity. "God is love" is the creed which all churches profess, for it is Christianity; it is wider and deeper, and was here before the Christian religion was founded upon it. It embraces all races and all peoples. "God loves all without exception," the preacher continued, "all men, all worlds. "God is love." We can say "He loves me." This is personal religion, and asks my love in return. This is communion, and He urges me to love all men. I must love as He does. If I do not love my brother whom I have seen, how can I love God whom I have not seen? It is a delusion. We must begin by loving our fellow-men; this is our duty, the duty of loving service for all mankind."

After the service the usual business meeting was held, and in the evening there was a largely attended public meeting. Mr. R. T. Pennington, of Rawtenstall, was in the chair, and the speakers included the Rev. C. Hargrove, Mr. Harold Coventry, of Liverpool (President of the Provincial Assembly of Lancashire and Cheshire), the Rev. Dendy Agate (representing the National Conference), Mr. J. S. Mackie, of Burnley, and Councillor J. R. Cameron, of Accrington.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Special Notice to Correspondents.—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the editor on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible.

Birmingham: Hurst-street Domestic Mission.

—The 71st annual meeting of this Mission was held on Tuesday last, the 14th inst., the Deputy Lord Mayor, Sir Geo. Kenrick, presiding over a large and enthusiastic gathering. Apologies for non-attendance were read from the Rev. J. W. Austin, M.A., the Mission treasurer, Mr. Warren Tyndall, and the joint

hon. secretary Mr. G. Johnson. A letter was also read from the Rev. Joseph Wood to Mr. Clarke, expressing his deep regret that ill health would prevent his attendance, and adding, "I desire to congratulate you heartily on another successful year. You and your workers at Hurst-street have done splendidly, and it is a great satisfaction to know that the Mission still continues to be the centre of so much good work." The report of the Committee was read by Mr. C. Johnson. It stated that the past year had been a thoroughly satisfactory and encouraging one. All the various mission agencies were as full of healthy and vigorous life as they ever were. The debt which had been a source of anxiety so long had been completely extinguished, and the Mission premises throughout were in a thoroughly clean, bright, and healthy condition. The report concluded with a warm and grateful appreciation of the devotion and fidelity with which Mr. Clarke and his band of loyal workers had conducted the work of the Mission during the year; and the hope that the present gratifying state of things might long continue. The financial statement was read by the Chairman of the Mission Committee, Mr. W. Cheshire. It showed that there had been received on the general account £1,331, £726 of this being the result of an appeal to extinguish the Mission debt, in recognition of the completion by Mr. W. J. Clarke of a quarter of a century's service in connection with the Mission work. The various items of expenditure amounted to £1,517, thus leaving a deficiency of £186, which had, however, been completely disposed of by a legacy of £200 received after the accounts for the year had been made up. Sir Geo. Kenrick moved a resolution adopting the various reports. In doing so, he spoke in the highest terms of the work the Mission was doing, and intimated that though the Lord Mayor had on that occasion been unable to preside as usual over the meeting, his own attendance as Deputy Lord Mayor could be received as evidence that though the Mission was in one sense a private institution, it was in another and a wider sense a public institution, which had civic recognition of the value of its work to the city at large. The Rev. A. H. Biggs, M.A., seconded the resolution, which was carried with acclamation. Resolutions electing officers and committee, and thanking the Deputy Lord Mayor for his attendance and his encouraging words were moved and seconded by the Rev. Gertrude Von Petzold, the Rev. C. J. Sneath, the Rev. C. Thrift, and Mr. W. Cheshire.

Glasgow: Ross-street.—A musical service was held in Ross-street Church, Glasgow, on Sunday evening, March 12, the occasion being the inauguration of the new pipe organ in the church. An attractive selection of organ solos was given by Mr. Herbert Walton, the organist of Glasgow Cathedral. During the service the Rev. Arthur Scruton delivered a short address on "Music."

Hastings.—Under the auspices of the Southern Provincial Assembly the Rev. W. H. Drummond, B.A., has delivered a series of lectures on "Biography in the New Testament" on the last three Monday evenings, in the Public Hall. The lectures have been highly appreciated, well attended, and reported in all the local papers. The lecturer explained that his aim was to do for religion and Biblical study what University Extension Lectures had long been doing for other branches of knowledge. His object was not to represent the opinions or doctrines of any party or denomination, but to encourage the study of the New Testament as the greatest religious literature in the world. The admirable arrangements for the lectures and the public interest which they caused were due to the energy of the Rev. S. Burrows and the congregation of the Free Christian Church.

Mr. H. King, at present a student at Manchester College, Oxford, has accepted an invitation to become assistant to the Rev. S. Burrows, and will enter upon his duties in July.

London: Stepney.—The annual meeting of the congregation of College Chapel was held on Monday, March 6, the chair being taken by the Rev. F. Summers. The report of the Committee, which was read by Miss Florence Hill, the hon. secretary and treasurer, expressed the unanimous satisfaction of the Committee and all connected with College Chapel that Mr. W. R. Marshall had been able to continue to take the whole of the Sunday duties, both in pulpit and Sunday school, notwithstanding his arduous occupation in the week as schoolmaster. The chapel services and Sunday-school had been steadily maintained, and it was a hopeful sign that the young men and women were taking a prominent part in the work.

Manchester: Platt Chapel.—On Friday evening, March 10, a soiree was held at the Memorial Hall, Albert-square, to welcome the Rev. and Mrs. W. Whitaker on their settlement at Platt Chapel. There was a large attendance of members and friends, including a good number of ministers. The chair was taken by Mr. Egbert Steintal, whose father was a former minister of Platt Chapel; and on the platform, among others, were the Rector of Withington, the Rev. M. Sheppard (Congregational), the Revs. Charles Hargrove and Dendy Agate, and Mr. Ernest Steintal. Apologies for absence were received from the Rev. Canon Powell, the Rev. Mr. Nicol (Presbyterian), and the Rev. H. Enfield Dowson. The chairman very happily expressed to Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker the cordial welcome of the congregation. It was the beginning of what he hoped would be a long and happy friendship. They would each do their best to support and strengthen the hands of the minister in all his work. Platt Chapel had traditions of long ministries. His father's ministry was comparatively short, but with the ministry which preceded and the ministry which followed it a whole century was covered. It was a very happy thing when a minister and congregation could live so long together. He hoped it would be Mr. Whitaker's experience. Mr. H. Taylor, as superintendent, spoke cordial words of welcome on behalf of the Sunday-school. The Rev. Dendy Agate offered to Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker the heartiest of welcomes on behalf of the ministers of the district. Each minister had his own work and sphere, yet there was an immense amount of united effort. Coming there he would find himself one of a band of brothers. The Rector of Withington said he had accepted the invitation to attend the meeting to show his very warm esteem for laymen who took such deep interest in the churches as the chairman did. He had another reason. For eighteen years there had been a bond of deep friendship betwixt the late Minister of Platt, his dear and good friend, Mr. Poynting, and himself. He felt that although there were divisions amongst them they were in many things united. They were one in the desire to uplift the people around them and in helping each other to nobler manhood and womanhood. They were one in the great future that was before them all. These considerations had decided him to come. He was anxious to make the acquaintance of Mr. Whitaker, who was a parishioner of his. He extended the right hand of fellowship to him. It was a happy thought to welcome their new minister as they were doing. It reminded him of the christening of a ship. The ship was sent off the stays to do some great work. They were sending Mr. Whitaker on his way with their hearts full of buoyancy and hope. As representing the churches of the parish of Withington he heartily joined in the welcome to Mr. Whitaker, and prayed

that God would give success to his work. He himself had laboured in Manchester thirty-two years, and he knew something of Manchester men. They often reminded him of a cocoanut. Their exterior might be rough, but they had the milk of human kindness within. They extended their sympathy to the clergy if they were doing their duty. Mr. Whitaker would experience that. He wished him great success in the work of the Lord at Platt Chapel. The Rev. Charles Hargrove followed. After expressing his personal attachment to Mr. Whitaker, he went on to speak of his good work at Hull. He had been an admirable minister. They were sorry to lose him from Yorkshire. There was not one who did not regret his departure. He had left behind him an enduring monument at Hull—the history of the Chapel. It was a model of what a chapel history should be. Mr. Whitaker would add to the community in Manchester his learning, intellect, piety, and social zeal for the people and the people's cause. Mr. Whitaker responded in feeling words on behalf of Mrs. Whitaker and himself. He would like to pass over what had been said. All that was said about a minister on such occasions was said really about the church. It must be taken symbolically. He and his wife were grateful for the abounding hopefulness and trust implied in the invitation given to them, and in the way they had been received. His chief feeling, next to that of gratitude, was of the weight and significance of the Platt traditions. They were, he said, at a time of crisis in the history of organised religion. Many changes must come. Yet it was as certain that religion and the church would go on as it was that the State would exist. He desired to take counsel with his congregation on these matters, in the hope that some means of pooling their resources of mind and inspiration might be found. The note of the future must be the religion of brotherhood. They had to try to hammer out for the future a more real, organic, and corporate Church life. He thanked them very much indeed for their encouraging welcome.

Richmond Free Church.—The annual meeting of the Richmond Free Church congregation was held in the church on Wednesday evening, March 8, Sir Roland Wilson, Bart., in the chair. The report stated, among other things, that the congregation had much improved under Dr. Foat's ministry, and that the Women's Meeting had accomplished much benevolent work.

Sheffield : Unitarian Sunday School Union.—The Sheffield and District Unitarian Sunday School Union held its annual meeting on March 7 at Upperthorpe, when every school was well represented. There are six schools in the Union, which comprises 700 scholars and 95 teachers. The number of scholars is slightly less than last year, but the number of teachers has increased, and the schools report a higher average attendance.

Swansea.—The congregational membership of the Unitarian Church is steadily increasing, and on Sunday, March 12, seventeen new adherents were duly elected and welcomed by the minister, the Rev. Simon Jones.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

THE MORALS OF GRIMSBY.

The Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Hicks, was on Wednesday last week to have addressed a Lenten meeting of men at the Grimsby Parish Church, but in his absence through indisposition the Dean of Lincoln officiated, and made a striking defence of the Bishop's pastoral letter which has been condemned by Sir George Doughty, M.P., and others

because of its strictures regarding the morality of Grimsby. Basing his remarks upon St. Paul's words, "I am a citizen of no mean city," the Dean said that Christians did not desire to paint their city or white-wash it, and leave anything that was rotten below out of sight. The Christian's duty was to arouse the public conscience. Local authorities had ample powers to abolish slums, control public-houses, and sweep away bad houses, and if they did not use those powers, the responsibility was the citizens'. Anything for a quiet life seemed to be the ruling sentiment of many, but Christ's was not a quiet life, and the Church must put social morality in the forefront of her work. If they in cowardice prevented her workers denouncing evil, then the responsibility was theirs, but if a desire for a quiet life led the citizen to ignore it, the responsibility was his.

THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.

It is stated that the net profits of the Passion Play of 1910 amounted to £21,795. This sum remained to the parish to be employed for further improvements, public buildings, and the like. In spite of this success from a financial point of view, it is doubtful whether the results are satisfactory in other respects. The arrangements for visitors are largely in the hands of agents, pickpockets resort in swarms to Ober-Ammergau, and the simplicity of the people and the purpose for which the Passion Play was instituted are in danger of deterioration. Those who desire to see a Passion Play in its original simplicity should go to Brixlegg, where a quiet performance takes place every five years.

THE INDIAN CENSUS.

In view of the fact that the Census is about to be taken in this country, it is interesting to know that the ordeal has just been undergone by the inhabitants of India, and that certain savage tribes had to make their returns by delivering notched sticks indicating the strength of their fighting men.

THE CHURCH IN UGANDA.

Dr. Tucker, the Bishop of Uganda, gave some interesting details in Manchester on Monday, at a meeting of the Church Missionary Society, relating to the growth of a native Christian Church in Uganda. This church, consisting of 70,000 souls, had, he said, 20,000 communicants, and between 20,000 and 30,000 children under instruction. It had its native ministry, 2,000 or 3,000 teachers, pastors, and lay-readers, and something like 1,700 churches. The church last September suffered a great loss in the destruction of the cathedral at Mengo. For rebuilding it the native Christians had determined to raise £10,000. The chiefs were giving 40 per cent. of their rent rolls, and the poorer people in like proportion.

UNIVERSITY UNREST IN RUSSIA.

Judging from information which is constantly coming to hand, the revolutionary movement in Russia, which has recently found an outlet in university strikes, shows signs of renewed activity. Drastic

measures have been adopted by the Government, with the natural result, as it would appear, of increasing the unrest, and thirty-five professors have sent in their resignations as a protest against this arbitrary treatment. The reactionaries at St. Petersburg are apparently growing nervous, and are relying on force for the maintenance of their authority, but the presence of armed police with fixed bayonets, in the corridors and lecture-rooms of several universities can hardly be expected to restore peace.

A RELIC OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

The French Catholic Chapel of St. Louis, situated in a little back street near Portman-square, is about to be demolished, and with it will go many historical memories. The chapel was built at the end of the eighteenth century by *émigrés* in London, and French Royalists when on a visit to England, or exiled to this country, have always heard Mass within its walls. Among these was Marie Antoinette. Lacordaire once preached in the Chapel of St. Louis, and the son of Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie heard Mass in it before he went to Africa.

AN INDIAN ALPHABET.

A letter has appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* from Professor Rhys Davids on the subject of an Indian alphabet referred to in our notes last week. He regards the question which was raised by Mr. Knowles in his recent lecture as of the utmost importance, and points out that in India, where little more than 5 per cent. of the people are literate, a reform is quite possible if a half of the few who are literate can be persuaded of its value. "Now of the very great value, economic and educational, to the many nations and tribes of India of a uniform alphabet there can be no doubt," he says, "and that value would be greatly enhanced if a Roman alphabet could be adopted." It is encouraging to find a committee of Indians taking up this subject, and Prof. Rhys Davids suggests that they should give some consideration to the success of the Pali Text Society, which has published in a Roman alphabet the whole of the ancient literature of the Early Buddhists.

A PEACE MEDAL.

Mr. Walter Crane has just completed his design for the bronze medal to be used by members of the Universal Races Congress. On one side are two figures symbolising the East and the West joining hands in friendship, while on the other two doves, Peace and Goodwill, appear appropriately within a circle of olive branches, bearing a tablet inscribed with the name and date of the Congress.

CO-PARTNERSHIP TENANTS.

Viscount Howick has joined the Board of Co-partnership Tenants, Ltd., whose work as pioneers in housing reform has become so well known through the various Tenant Society estates at Hampstead and elsewhere. Other changes of the Board that mark the increase of its work are the inclusion of Mr. F. Litchfield among the directors; while Mr. George Morris has left the Labour Co-partnership Association to become secretary in his place.

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DOUBLE DAMASK TABLECLOTHS, guaranteed Irish make, less than half maker's cost; 2 tablecloths, 2½ yds. long, for 9s. 6d.; two ditto, 3 yds., for 10s. 6d.; 12 serviettes, 4s. 9d.; lot together, 24s.; half quantity, 12s. 6d. Approval.

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